"ALL CLAD IN DEEP GREEN."

Prom The Boston Gazette.
All clad in deep green she goes,
Like a dainty woodland rose
Foldet in emerald leaves,
Or a pine tree straight and tall.
That resis by the sheltered wall,
Beneath the gaves. Beneath the caves.

I love her, and who shall dare—
Since my love is like the air
That kisses her cheek and goes—
To blame that I love her grace,
Or her exquisite pale face f
Who blames that knows?

Her small foot leaves its trace
On the hear-free,'s dainty lace,
And I follow on content:
For my love is like the breeze,
That tourned their are of the trees
And straightway went.

Yet she knows I watched her pass Like a bit of sammer grass,
In this cold, wintry place;
And she could not hide the smile,
T at like a rose for a while
Made her sweet face.

James Berry Bensel.

## THE MAID OF MOYTURA. BY E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

1.

I ask my readers to accompany me away to Western Connaught, to the mountain fustureses of Mayo, where the irish-speaking race was not extinct twenty years ago. The country around is not like the smiling green pia us of Leinster '' for which Earl Strongbow, of martial memory, conceived such a strong fancy that he married the heiross to them and thus became their possessor.

The district is mountainous and stony. Mountain rises against mountain, until at last their summits blend with the clouds which are always hovering over them. The great limestone plains are here and there clothed with some scanty vegetation, and the few fields won from the barren soil are cases upon which the eye gratefully rests. Historic ground is thus, where the Tuatha-de-Danias conquered the Firbolgs—the ancient primitive, half-savage race of Ireland—and made them their slaves. The Milesians, a splendid race, in their turn con-

to be the greater, for the glocal greater the glory.

The Tuatha-de-Danans conquered the Firbolgs at the famous Battle of Moyture, fought upon the great limestone plains which border the shortes of Lough Corrib. There is yet to be seen in the neighborhood the great Kath built over the bodies of the dead and zone warriors; there is also the stone of the priestess, called Calladh I hand, or the Dark Woman, concerning whom there have been many weird legends in the district; and also there is the creat limestone pillar, erected no one knew when Weinan, concerning whom there have been many weird legends in the district; and also there is the great limestone pillar, erected no one knew when or why, but nevertheless tooked upon with much superstitudes awe by the surrounding peasantry. The pillar stood at the junction of three-roads, and in its interstices were stuck a number of small wooden crosses. It presented a carrous appearance to the stranger in the land; and upon inquiry he was told that it was considered an act of picty by the Mayo peasant to place one of those crosses there upon the death of any relative or much-egreled friend. Not one in the neighborhood count give reason for so doing; yet few would have so fair outraged public opinion a to have omitted the custom. Some of the more devout "said their beads" there—kneeling for a few moments, when passing backward or forward from Moyurra to fair or market at Germachurra or Cong—just to say a prayer for the repose of the soul of some friend or relative.

looked upon the pillar as possessing some reculiar sanctity. The time was a lovely summer's evening toward the end of June, with the setting sanchanging the clouds of the mountains from opal to amethyst, as the man knell there with bared head. He was a stunied, swarthy, shavish-hooling creature, with a speck of black, shagey balt which amethyst, as a stunted, swarthy, slavish-hooling creature, with a shock of black, shaggy bair which overshadowed his low forehead, and met his heavy black eyebrows. As the latter extended, without any dvision, right across his face, Pat Honon looked as repulsive and typical a descendant of the ametent enslaved Firbolg race as could be found in all Connaught. He bore, indeed, a strong resemblance to two black pigs which granted be side him. The animals rather gained by the comparison. The pigs grunted—se did Pat Honon—for the declased colloquial frish tongue in which he prayed was as throught and as guttiral as was the grunting of his own pigs. It came more hairard to him to utter his honghis to Irish rather than in the less familiat English—but had he spoken in the latter tongue, this is what he would

Holy saints! I want Hanorah Varily for my

that was the burden of his prayer. He tried to That was the burden of his prayer. He tried to say more but he was not eloquent; although he felt much he could not utter it, so all resident it self into that one sentence. Why fat bishon knelt there and addressed the saints in that particular spot ne would have found it difficult to explain, save that the crosses stock in the pillar which was looked upon with such superstitions awe, inspired his dim intuitied nind with an idea that there was some peculiar samethy connected with the place.

Place. He slouched down the road immediately facing The stouched down the ring the pigs before him, and soon reached the village of fortnachurra. It consisted of a number of miscrabie-looking little cabins, with here and there a more pretentions stated house. It was an appeared to the predominating characteristics, and as Pat riolion and higher reached the faither end of the village agreement of the village agreement of the very poorest and most miserable-looking ones; whence also proceeded sounds of angry a

cones; whence also proceeded sounds of angry at-tereation.

'Grief of me sowl!' ejaculated Pat Holion in a

'Grief of me sow!!' cjaculated Pat Holion in a low tone, as the girl approached him, 'and are they scoldin' you again, Hanorah!'
He spoke in Irish and the girl replied in the same language. The man gazed turitively at her, whilst the pags wallowed at their own, sweet will in the refuse hefore the doors of the cabins. She was about twenty, bare armed lare headed, and barefooted. Her insuriant black hair was bound in one great knot at the back of her well shaped head. Her sparkling violet-grey cyes—the eyes of Southern and Western Ireland—were shaded by long dark lashes, which swept her flushed, glowing cheek. for and Western Ireland—were shaded by long dark lashes, which swept her flushed, glowing cheek. Hanorah Varily's red-lipped month was shaped like Cupid's low, and each time she spoke or laughed disclosed a set of teeth like two rows of mother-of-pearl.

'Yes,' she replied, 'they are at it again! I am up since five o'clock this morning, and worked until an hour ago, weeding, and how my ainst says. I'm not to go to the dance at Bob Kenealy's.'

The tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, and finally rolled down her cheeks.

'And I promised Pierce Joyce that I'd dance with him' she centinued. 'Oh, I will go! I must go!

'It's to be a big dance, I hear,' said Pat Holion.

'It's to be a big dance, I hear,' said Pat Holion.
'Maybe your aunt will let you come.'
At this innoture a squeal from one of the pigs caused Hanorah to look round. The animal came flying out of the doorway of her aunt's cabin, a sod of turf following in its wake; that again being followed by a big peasant woman.
'Oh, you're there's she exclaimed, as she saw Hanorah. 'Come along in here, you hazy thing, and wipe up the mess that rutchere's pigs has made! Throth! I wonder yeth haven't more pride nor to be seen talkin' to such a crathur, that's more like a pig nor a Christian?'

Ann Lynch scoke in English. She was Hanorah's

be seen taikin' to such a crathur, that's more like a pig nor a Christian?

Ann Lynch spoke in English. She was Hanorah's annt, and the girl, having been left an orphan during the famine years, had been brought up by this relative, for whom she toiled and slaved from early morn till night. Hanorah sullenly obeyed; and Pat Holion went on his way with his pigs, the sharp words of Ann Lynch ringing through his brain. He knew he was repulsive-looking, and, to him, Hanorah Varily was beautiful as the dawn. He wished her annt had not spoken of him in that way before Hanorah; for Pat Holion boved the girl with a chivalrous devotion which was as a religion unto him. Hanorah was only a poor girl. She had never worn a bonnet nor a pair of shoes and stockings in her life; yet, the respectful hommage yielded up to her by Pat Holion was such as an empress might reel gaateful for. The girl was a rustic belle; the merriest laugh at fair of wake was Hanorah Varily's; hers was the lightest foot in the dance; and she had lovers in plenty. Pat Holion wo-shipped her. Unknown to her, he followed her home constantly from wakes and dances, simply for the purpose of keeping watch over her to make sure that no one insulted her. She was the lodestar of his existence, but, aware of his own personal defects, the man never dared to aspire to be one of her lovers.

the of her lovers.

He was the pig-driver at the big house, and, having put up his charges for the might, Pat Holion wended his way toward his own little cabin, where he lived with two unmarried sisters, somewhat older than he was. They were hard-working, swarthy, low-sized women, much of the same stamp as their brother, who was soon seated at his supper of potatoes and buttermilk.

Bridget Holion stood at the cabin door knitting. Not stockings for herself—for neither she nor her sister had ever worn a shoe or a stocking in their lives—but for sale at the town of Cong on market and fair days.

There's Hanorah Varily crossin' down by

There's lanorah Varily crossin' down by Murtagh's borroen, she said suddenly. 'An' shure enough there's Pierce Joyce wid her! It's the fine couple they do make!'

'Av' asserted.'

Ay, assented her sister, coming to the door and shading her eyes with her hand as she looked after the receding figures. 'An' a good thing it 'ud be if Pierce Joyce or some war would marry the girsha: for shure it's a sore air sorry time av it she does have wid ould Ann Lynch.'

have wid ould Ann Lynch.'
I suppose they're goin' to the dance at Bob Renealy's, said Bridget, 'Well, well! God be wid the time whin I could fut it wid anyone.'
The dance at Bob Renealy's had been long looked forward to in the neighborhood. It was one of the syents of the summer in the estimation of the young

be persuaded into permitting her niece to go to the dance.

In her bare feet, bareheaded too, Hanorah Varily tripped over the helds by the sale of Pierce Joyce. She wore no finery of any kind. A bit of lace or ribbon she had never possessed during her existence; and as for collars and cuits, Hanorah Varily had no use in lite for them. For she always wore her sleeves short to her elbows, and the front of the body sloped low, across which was puned a little checked shawl. A short, bed-gown sort of dress of bine cotton with small white spots on it, and a faded red linesy periticoat, completed her attire. Her eyes were sparking and her checks flushing as, looking the very incarnation of youth, beauty and health, Hanorah Varily, accompanied by her stalwart, hand-some cavalier, slepped lato Bob Kencaly's aig barth, where a considerable number of the company had already assembled.

II.

There was many a pretty and comely girl there, but none so pretty as lianorah Varily. Some of them—but they were the exceptions—were better dressed than lianorah, and none wore shoes and stockings. At one end of the barn sat the bland indiler, tribbon Lynot, three or four eiderly men and a couple of old women grouped around him. Among them was old blob Kenealy. Boo was a bachelof, and gave this dance once a year to the young people in the parish.

'Well, then, Hanorah' he exclaimed hospitably; 'an' it's welcome yer purty face an' yer light fut.

backetor, and give this game once a year to the young people in the parish.

'Weil, then, Hanorah' he exclaimed hospitably;
'an' it's welcome yer purty face an' yer light fut is! bedad! if I wasn't so onld, it's spakin to the priest I'd be about ye moself!'

Hanorah Varny laughed merrily. She was accustomed to these compineers from old Bob Kencaly.
'Och! farx! Bob you'd have no chance there?' sam Katty Blake, an old barefooted crone, draped elegantly in a patchwork quilt, worn shawl-wise.
'Share it's no sayerer that Hanorah's match is as good as made! Duln's ve see,' she added significantly, 'who it was she sem in win!'

'Who was it' asked Gibbon Lyn-t.
'Pierce Jovee, from there be wan sade av Cochavin.'
'There s many's the wan av the boys does take me to the dances an' back again, replied ifanorah, crimsoning to the roots of her pretty black hair.
'Och! but, Hanorah jewel!' continued Katty Blase, 'why not another av the boys is a man av fortance like Pierce! Giory be to goodness! who's that wid onle! Dinis Prandhergas!

'I forgot to tell yea, 'said bob Kenealy, 'that's Biddy Prandhercass that wint away a sarvice. She's back now an' mas fifty pound in hard cash in the bank. Her uisthress left at the her in a win, for ten kind to her when she was sick.

Five years before had Biddy Frendergast, through the interest of a lasty living in the neighborhood, procured a situation to attend upon an invaint lady. D'ring the uveyears she had never paid a visit to Moviura, and now returned the heires to fifty pounds! Biddy was dr-sed with an attempt at fashion; she were a solice blue silk dress, a pair of yellow kid gloves, and a brooch and eartings to at looked like go d. Hau rail gazed at her, as first in some perfore try, who was awed by Biddy's grandenr un't reputed wealth. Then seeing that the heiress condescended to speak to some of her old frienes, she made her way toward her, and held out her hane, saying; 'Ah' then! Biddy welcome home! Suite it's as grand as the bellows by eare!'

Biddy looked decidedly discomfited; and, after a be very cool greeting to Hamorah, turned to speak to barby tostignin, a bandsome young farmer, who had for her first partner Pierce Joyce, but another and yet another did she 'tire down,' and only be foolish. Shure, what would the rabe green the left of the the dance. Hamorah varily and the gril. 'I want to have any match made for me,' said the gril, 'I want to be axed.'

'Arrah' don't be foolish. Shure, what would the habors say if yer match wasn't made for ye,' retorted the green the first partner Pierce Joyce, that another and yet another did she 'tire down,' and only the foolish. Shure, what would the habors say if yer match wasn't made for ye,' retorted the condition of the same ment phenomenal years and the graceful, lithe form. I would be foolish. Shure, what would the habors say if yer match wasn't made for ye,' retorted the ham much open. Hamorah varily down,' and only the foolish. Shure, what would the habors as grils sten, and her graceful, lithe form. I work made in the sore and same hard in the same ment he door. There's a lot of the boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he boys an grils sittin' out there on the half cuttant he half and her father. The gril half leaves the half and her father. The gril half leaves the half in the was a gril sittin' out there have say that say the will have instened to the sound of their voices, gradually the words became more distinct, and he heard Hanorah my: 'An' is it thrue that Biddy Prandhergass has a

fortune?

'It is, Hanorah,' be replied, 'but, isaght I wouldn't look at her if she had three fifties in the bank, let alone one.

'Och! come now, Pierce! laughed Hanorah, and there was a happy ring in her tones, 'ye don't expect us to bleeve that! Maybe, Pierce, she wouldn't look at you!" he said, 'Ah, shure!

wouldn't look at you?

'Ay, faix! Maybe not! he said, 'Ah, shire!
What's money if one hasn't the happness? he
continued philosophically. 'Behad, Hanorah! I'd
sooner live on the clippin's of tin with yerself, nor
with Biddy Prandhergass an' her fifty pounds.'
He drew nearer as he speke, and gazed into her
pretty downeast face, while Pat Holion looked on,
and heard Pierce Joyce say. 'Shire, don't ye know
and heard Pierce Joyce say. 'Shire, don't ye know

pretty downeast face, while Pat Holion looked on, and heard Pierce Joyce say. 'Shire, don't ye know it's the orakin's of my heart ye are, Hanorah? But Hanorah made no reply. The unseen watcher crept round in the shade of to the other side of the stack, and there feel upon the ground in mute agony.

A merry, light-hearted party it was that set out for Gorthachurra after the dance. Somehow or other Pierce Joyce and Hanorah Varily lingered behind the others. But yet another lingered behind them, and that was the pig-driver, who crept along inside the hedge, and watched Hanorah until she was safely inside her own door.

along inside the hedge, and watched Hanorah until she was safely inside her own door.

Hanorah was up betimes, and at her work early in the morning. It was thankless labor, trying to clear their little bit of arid land from weeds and stones. But the thoughts of what Pierce Joyce had said to her sweetened her labor, and she was singling like a lark as Pat Holion was going on to 'the hig house' to his work there. He stood and looked at her for a minute, and then passed on with a prayer on his lips. It was not quite clear to him whether or not the prayer was sent up for Hanorah Varily, he only knew that he always instinctively prayed when he saw her.

The days weet on, and many a dance at fair and wake did Hanorah take part in. At the same time the shadow of famine was again hovering over the land. The summer had turned out wet and cheerless. The corn scarcely ricened, and what did come to any kind of maturity was 'lodged' with the rain. The potatoes rotted in the earth; and the hay, put up, perforce, when not sufficiently dry, got heated and spoiled. Nothing but starvation stared the people in the face.

'No use in askin' me, Pat, 'said Pierce Joyce to the pig-driver, at the Cong November Fair. 'I want to sell a sow an' her nine boneens meself. Times is bad, an' the rint must be paid next week.'

But yer well-to-do? responded Pat Holion 'It's them that doesa' know where to look for the rent that's to be nited.

He was chinking of Hanorah Varily. With test in her eyes, he girl had that morning told him that

that's to be pitced.'

He was chinking of Hanorah Varily. With tears in her eyes the girl had that morning told him that they did not know where to look for their rent. Had he not had his two sisters to think of, Pat Holion would have given her the whole contents of the stocking in the roof of his cabin, and have gone forth on the road himself. Even Pierce Joyce was in difficulties. He walked up the street, thinking to whom he could offer his pigs for sale, when, upon turning the corner by the chapel where the carts and cars were usually drawn up, he came upon turning the corner by the chapel where the carts and cars were usually drawn up, he came suddenly upon Biddy Prendergast, who, scated upon her father's low-backed car, was speaking to Darby Costigan. There was a comfortable air about Biddy which contrasted strongly with the half-clothed, barefooted women around, and as Pierce looked at her, he thought of her fifty pounds in the bank.

Piece, said a voice at his elbow. He turned and saw Hanorah Varily, a basket containing some hens for sale on her arm. She looked so poor; yet so pretty.

o pretty.
'Here ye are, Hanorah,' he said familiarly. 'Are ye sellin' the nins ?'
'No,' she replied sorrowfully, 'there doesn't seem

No. she replied sorrowfully, 'there doesn't seem to be any money goin' to-day?

'I'd take them up to Father Flavelle's,' advised Pierce. 'Yer tired, acushia!' he continued, 'I'll give you a lift home on the cart.'

With a lighter heart in her bosom than she had borne for many a day, Hanorah Varily wended ner way toward Father Flavelle's. For sheer charity her heus were purchased, and with a lew stillings in her pocket she walked slowly down the town looking out for Pierce Joyce. He was not to be seen. She pursued her course up to the chapel coiner where the carts and cars were put up, and there she met Pat Holion, who had disposed of his charges as satisfactorily as could be expected during such hard times.

'I was goin' to look for ye, Hanorah,' he said.

You needn't beg, Hanorah.'

presently.

'You needn't beg, Handrah.'

'Shine it's hard to get work, an' one can't starve.'

'Ye'il be in a house av yer own, Handrah, he said, half questioningly, 'isn't it thrue that the match is made beteining you an' Pierce Joyce!'

'Ar, likely!' she exclaimed, with an affectation of sullenness, but the tears stood in her eyes, 'If our match was made is it very likely that you'd be dhrivin' me home!'

'That's thrue,' assented Pat Holion, as they drew up at the door of Ann Lynch's cabin, 'Well, anyhow, Handrah, ye'll never want a roof over yer head while our little cabin is standin.'

'Tis you was always the good nabor, Pat,' said Handrah, as she got off the cat. 'Thank ye, an' Baneack laath, new.'

Pat pursued his way toward his own little cabin, where he had promised to put up the horse and eart for the night. The man was trembling with excitement as he thought of the proposal he had made to Handrah. He wondered if she would fancy he meant anything more than neighborly kindness, and if so—

could not trust himself to think about it. As

He could not trust himself to think about it. As for Hanorah, she had not given his words a thought as soon as she entered the cabin door.

'Who was that ye came home wid?' asked Ann Lynch as Hanorah entered.
'I came home on Pierce Joyce's cart, but it was Pat Holon that was dhrivin. There, annt, I got four shillings for the hins at Father Flavelle's.'
'That makes only nineteen shillin's that we have. Och' wirra! wirrastura! an' where are we to set the rest av the rint?'
'Bedad, annt, an shure amn't I always thinkin' av that accelt' replied Hanorah,' as she cowered over the miserable line on the hearth-a fire of one sod of turf and some dired heather roots-in a vain endeavor to warm herself. 'It's bitther cowld!' she exchained, sinddering.
'Who was at the fair?' asked Ann Lynch, as she crushed into her short black pipe a morsel of the glowing turf.

Hanorah enumerated their various friends and acquaintances.

Hanorah enumerated their various friends and acquaintances.

'hi why didn't Pierce Joyce come home wid the horse and cart himself f' she asked.
'I bleeve he went home wid Biddy Prandhergass an'ould Tom.'
Biddy's a great catch,' remarked Ann Lynch. Throth I wish ver match was made wid him, for maybe it's takin' Biddy ao' her money he'll be. Fil spake to Father Flavelle, an' ask him if he knows anything.'
Don't go say anything about me, auat,' exclaimed Hanorah, her eyes flashing. 'I don't want to throw meself at anywan's head.'
But your match must be made for ye,' retorted her anot

hue, and a nuiversal gloom seemed to have settled over the place. One day, after having knitted away in silence for a considerable time. Ann Lynch suddenly stood up, put on her capacions hooded red cloth cloak, and said:

'I won't be long; but I won't tell you where I'm goin', and so saying she walked out of the house. Along the roads she tridged in the misty, thick, blinding rain, her bare teet plashing along the badly kent highways. On she went until she came to a decent little cabin, and here she knocked in-sily at the door. There was no answer. For full an hour she waited in a neighboring cow-she!, awaiting the return of Fierce Joyce, for she had determined to ask him, for Hanorah's sake, for the loan of the rent due the next day.

Meanwhile Hanorah, her streng, lithe young trame weakened from want of proper nourishment, had stood up and leaned against the open door kuiting. She felt very lonely. Since the fair-day at Cong, she had neither heard nor seen anything of Fierce Joyce. What would she not give to see nim! With the natural desires of youth weiling up in har

she had neither heard nor seen anything of Peres Joyce. What would she not give to see him! With the natural desires of youth weiling up in her breast, she longed for a little brightness in the roughness and darkness of her life. Someone came along the road. Hanorah Varily looked up—and saw Pierce Joyce. He stopped when he saw her, and ran toward the cabin.

'Come in out av the wet, said Hanorah. 'Why it's good for sore eyes to see you! Where was ye this while back!'

Meaving the place I was in he reguled looking.

ns while back for Many's the place I was in, he replied looking cound. Where's your aunt for She's out. Hanorah could not trust herself to around.

say much.
An' how are ye all this long time Hanorah †
Throth! It's donny enough yer tookin.
Shure it's no wondher. Times is very bad, an'
it's no weather to get a day's work in now. She

Shure it's no wondher. Times is very bad, an' it's no weather to get a day's work in now.' She looked up wistfully at him as she spoke.

Don't be downhearted, Hanorah,' he said in his customarily kind tones which made the girl's heart beat wildly. 'We must look out an' get some dacint boy to put the comodher on ye. I'm goin' to set you a good example myself, for I just wis spakin' to Father Flavelle about me an' a little girl.' 'Arrah!' What are ye spakin' about?' asked Hanorah quickly, looking up at him as she spoke, while the color came and went in her face, and her heart beat fast. her heart beat fast.
Didn't ye hear dn't ye hear anything?" he said, rather awk-

wardly. . About what? Hanorah looked down, and busied

About what? Hanorah looked down, and busied herself about the heel of her stocking. 'Shura' I never seen we since the Cong Fair day, whin ye left me an' wint all wid liddy Frandhergass.

Despite all her efforts to suppress it, there was a tremor in Hanorah's voice.

'A raal cacint girl is Biddy, he said, looking at Hanorah's downcast face, and wishing he was ont of the place. 'Hallo! There's that poor gomerit, Pat Holion, he exclaimed, by way of changing the conversation, and he nodded to Fat as he passed the cabin door. But Hanorah was bravely determined to know the worst, and she asked in a voice so schooled by her woman's pride that its calmness was aimost supernatural.

cabin door. But the horse and she asked in a voice so schooled by her woman's pride that its calmness was almost supernatural.

'Maybe Biddy Frandhergass was the little girl you were spakin to Father Flavelle about—was she?

'Maybe she was, was the evasive reply.

'Was she, Pierce? almost demanded Hanorah.

'Well—she was, he admitted with a little uneasy laugh. An shure I want you to come an dance at our weddin, for it's to be on Satherday.

'The day afther to-morrra, she said, in the same steady voice—to be shure I will.

'That's right. Hanorah!' he exclaimed, apparently much relieved. 'Now I must be off.'

When Pierce Joyce left her, Hanorah Varily walked straight out of the house and down the rugged sinshy road. The evening was closing in fast, and the thick rain was falling yet. On she walked quickly, unheeding where she weut. The girl wanted to get away from her thoughts, and from her own aching heart, and fully two hours elapsed before she again entered the cabin door, where she round her aunt, who told her what her errand had been.

'You wealdn't have got it if Pierce Joyce was there,' said Hanorah bitterly. 'Pierce Joyce was here wid me while you were away.'

'Well!—in an eager tone—is it settled? When is the match to be made?'

'It's made,' she responded, in the same bitter voice. 'Pierce Joyce tonid me that he's goin' to be married to Biddy Prandhergase on Satherday.'

Ann Lynch was furious. She upbraided hianorah for not playing her cards better.

'Don't talk to me like that, aunt, or I'll go mad,' she almost shrieked. 'I tell you that Pierce Joyce doesn't want to marry me because I'm a poor gir! If I had five pounds more nor Biddy he'd have married me?'

'God forgive ye, aunt, for sayin' that, for don't I work for ye airly an' late! But, she added, laying down the stocking she was knitting, 'I'll take ye at yer word. I'll go now, for I know a nabor that will give me a night's lodgin', and before the angrateful old termagant could recover from her surprise. Hanorah was speeding down the road. On she want, until she came to a lane leading up to the back gate of 'the big house,' and there, as she expected, she met l'at lolion coming from his work. It was now dork, and he aut not recognize her, but she recognized his awarfish figure as it stood out in relief against the darkening sky as he came down the brill.

relief against the darkening sky as he came down the hill.

'l'at.' He gave a start.

'I s if at you, Hanorah f'

'Yes, Pat. Grief av me heart! I'm goin' mad. Pat!' She caught hold of the gate as she spoke; it gave way, and she would have failen, had not Pat Holion

caught her in his arms.

He could scarcely credit it; could scarcely believe that he held in his arms the woman who to him always seemed to

As from the earthworm shines the star

As from the earthworm shines the star.

She was unable to stand, so he kept his arm around her. After all she had just gone through, this mute act of sympathy overcame flanorah. The sluice gates of her feelings were opened, and she told the whole story to l'at Holion, the pigdriver of Moytura. He trembled so violeutly that he was obliged to lean against the gate-post for support. Hanorah released herself, and there was a deac silence save for the 'drip, drip' from the leadess branches of the trees.

'Hanorah,' he said at length, in his gruft tones, 'what are ye goin to do?'

'If you an Bridget an' Mary will give me the night's lodgin' I'll go up to-morrow to the big house, an' may be the misthress will get me a situation.'

'An' you'll be comin' back wid a fortune like Biddy'

'So much the betther!' she retorted; 'it will buy

So much the betther! she retorted; 'it will buy

'Hanorah!'
'Yes, Fat'
'I wouldn't be worth buym'; but if you'll be my wife, I'll love you with my whole heart an' sowl; an' work my ingers to the bone for you till the day I die. I loved you this many a year back, be continued, emboldeded by her silence. 'Many a sight I used to watch you safe home from wake or dance. You're the very pulse of me heart. Hanorah, an' if you'll marry me. I'll give up my hope of etarnal salvation afore you'll want for anything.'
Hanorah Varily was touched—more by his tones than by his words. She would have been unworthy of the name of woman had she felt otherwise. Hanorah reflected that her lovers had never asked her in marriage; they courted her for a time, then fell away from their allegiance; out of their abundance they had offered her nothing; and here was this man offering her his whole life.
'Don't be angry with me, Hanorah.'
'I'm not anary. Pat, 'she replied slowly and very distinctly. 'I don't love you, Pat, an' I don't think I ever can; tut, if you like, I'll marry ye, an' be a good wife to you.'

Pat Holion gave a sort of gasp. For a minute his head swam round.

'Come home, Hanorah', as all he could say.

Pat Holion gave a sort of gasp. For a minute his head swam round.

'Come home, Hanorah' was all he could say. They soon reached his cabin door; and he said.

'Will you wait here, arounders, for a minute?'
Hanorah obeyed. Pat Holion went in and told his two sisters the great and glorious news. Presently the caoin door was opened, and Bridget and Mary Holion approached her. They each took a hand of Hauorsh's in silence, and led her across the threshold, and over to the comfortable furfiller. Mary placed a round three-legged stool before it, and Bridget motioning Hanorah to it, said: 'Hanorah, that's where you're to sit. It was our mother's stool, an' it's yours by right now.'

All that hight, and the next one too, Pat Holion slept in close proximity to his beloved pigs. With

that the aspect of the place out but more average eves. Mrs. Grote had just put up an addition to her house, a sort of single wing, which added a good-sized drawing room to the modest manson I had before visited. Whatever accession of comfort the house received within from this addition to its size, its beauty externally was not improved by it, and Mr. Rogers stood before the offenning editice, surveying it with a sardonic sneer that I should think even brick and mortar must have found it hard to bear. He had hardly uttered his first three disparaging bitter sentences of utter scorn and abhorrence of the architectural abortion, which indeed it was, when Mrs. Grote herself made her appearance in her caual country costume, box cost, bear and the Rogers. horrence of the architectural abortion, which indeed it was, when Mrs. Grote hetself made her appearance in her caual country costume, box coat, hat on her head, and stick in her hand. Mr. Rogers turned to her with a verjuce smile and said: "I was just remarking that in whatever part of the world I had seen this building I should have guessed to whose taste I might attribute its erection." To which, without an instant's hesitation, she replied: "Ah, 'tis a beastly thing, to be sure. The confounded workmen played the devil with the place while I was away." Then, without any more words she led the way to the interior of her habitation, and I could not but wonder whether her binnt straightforwardness did not disconcert and rebuike Mr. Rogers for his treacherous sneer. During this vicit, much interesting conversation passed with reference to the letters of Sydney Smith, who was just dead, and the propriety of publishing all his correspondence, which, of course, contained strictures and remarks upon neople with whom he had been living in habits of falendly social intimacy. I remember a particularly lively discussion of the subject between Mrs. Grote and Mr. Rogers. The former had a great many letters from Sydney Smith, and urged the impossibility of publishing them, with all their comments on members of the London world. Rogers, on the contrary, apparently denglified at the idea of the mischief such revelations would make, urged Mrs. a members of the London world. Regers, on the ontrary, apparently dengithed at the idea of the dischief such revelations would make, arged Mrs. rote to give them ungarded to the press. "Oh, ut now," said the latter, "here, for instance. Mr. logers, such a letter as this about; — do see his e cuts up the poor fellow. It really never would to to publish it. Rogers took the letter from her, all really it with a stony grin of diabolical delight to his comptenance and occasional cluckling exdash, or an R and four stars for the name. He'll never know it, though everyboody else will." While Mr. Kogers was thus desecting himself in anticipation with R—'s execution, Mrs. Grote, by whose side I was sitting on a low stool, quietly unfolded another letter of Sc daey Smith's and silently held it before my eyes, and the very first words in it were a most indicrous allusion to Rogers's cataverces appearance. As I raised my eyes from this most absurd description of him, and saw him still absorbed in his evil delight, the whole struck me as so like a scene in a farce that I could not refrain from bursting out laughing. One most Indicrons scene which took place on

One most indicrous scene which took place on this occasion I shall never forget. She had left us to our own devices and we were all in the garden. I was sitting in a swing, and my sister. Dessauer, and Chorley were lying on the lawn at my feet, when presently, striding toward us, appeared the extraordinary figure of Mrs. Grote, who, as soon as she was within speaking trumpet distance, halled us with a scentorian challenge, about some detail of dinner—I think it was whether the majority voted for bacon and peas or bacon and beans. Having daily setted this momentous question, as Mrs. Grote turned and marched away, Dessauer—who had been sitting straight up, listening with his head first on one side and then on the other, like an eagerly intelligent terrier, taking no part in the culinary controversy (indeed, his entire ignorance of English necessarity disqualined him from even comprehending it), but staring intently, with open eyes and mouth, at Mrs. Grote—auddenly began, with his hands and lips, to imitate the rolling of a drum, and then broke out aloud with, "Maitrook's sen saf en guerre," etc. whereupon the terrible lady faced right about, like a soldier, and, planting her stick in the ground, surveyed Dessauer with an awful countenance. The wretched little man grew red, and then purple, and then black in the face with fear and shame; and exclaiming in his agony, "Ah 'boate' divine 'elle m'a comprisi' rolled over and over on the lawn, as if he had a fit. Mrs. Grote

Faix! Then ye must marry somewan, for even if the agint let's the rint he over I can't be feedin' a great hulkin' girl like ye!' thundered the old weman. 'Out you'll go—you're not worth yer keep!' God forgive ye, annt, for sayin' that, for don't I work for ye arrly an' late! But, 'she added, laying down the stocking she was knitting, 'I'll take ye at yer word, I'll go now, for I know a nabor that will give me a night's lodgin',' and before the ungrateful old termagant could recover from her surprise Hanorah was speeding down the road. On she wen', until she came to a lane leading up to the back gate of 'the big house,' and there, as she expected, she met Pat Holton coming from his work. play, with excellent taste and expression, some of Ginck's noble music upon the sonorous instrument, with which St. Cecilia is the only female I ever saw on terms of such tamiliar intimacy.

JONATHAN EDWARDS'S FRANKNESS.

One of Jonathan Edwards's contemporaries, the Rev. Dr. B., in an adjoining town, discarded the severest of the Calvinistic dogmas. A notorious seamp in the town, much affected in a revival, went to the doctor and said to him, in the religious parlance of the time, "I realize that I am the chief of sinners." "Glad to hear it!" replied the dominie, "your neighbors have long realized it!" "I feel," persisted the whining penitent, "that I am willing to be damned for the g ory of God." "Well," responded the hard-hearted preacher, "I don't know anybody around here that would have the slightest objection!"

One of Jonathan Edwards's daughters, who had One of Jonathan Edwards's daughters, who had some spirit of her own, had also a proposal of marriage. The youth was referred to her father. "No," said that stern individual, "you can't have my daughter." "But I love her and she loves me," pleaded the young man. "Can't have her?" said the father. "I am well to do, and can support her," explained the applicant. "Can't have her?" said the old man. "May I ask," meekly inquired the suitor, "if you have heard anything against my character?" "No!" thundered the obstinate parent, by this time aroused; "I haven't heard anything against you; I think you are a promising young man, and that's why you can't have her. She's got a very bud temper and you wouldn't be happy with her!" The lover, amized, said, "Why, Mr. Edwards! I thought Emily was a Christian. She is a Christian, isn't she?" "Certainly she is," growled the conscientions parent, "but, young man, when you grow older you'll be able to understand that there's some folks that the grace of God can live with that you can't!"

EMERSON TO CARLYLE.

A SPADE AND AN ACRE OF GOOD GROUND."

and word to refer to the loss of you thit the aby southful to make you can't?

\*\*EMERGONY DO GABILES.\*\*

\*\*EMERGONY DO GABILES.\*\*

\*\*A FERDE AND NATIO OF GOOD GROUND.\*\*

\*\*A FERDE AND NATION OF GOOD GROUND.\*\*

\*\*A FERDE AND NATIO OF GOOD GROUND.\*\*

\*\*A Byron's daughter, informing the good man of the appearance of a certain wondering genus in London named. Thomas Carryle, and an ins ascontaining workings on her own and her friends' brain—and him the very monster whom the doctor had been honoring with his best dread and constantation three five years. But do come in one of Mr. Camad's supps as soon as the booksellers have made you rice, if they fail to do so come and read lectures which it they fail to do so come and read lectures which in the Yankees with pay for, dive my love and hope and perpetual remembrance to your wife, and my wife's also, who bears her in her kindees heart, and who resolves every now and then to write to her

wife's also, who bears her in her kindest heart, and who resolves every now and then to write to her, that she may thank her for the beaminful dudo.

You told me to send you no more accounts. But I certainly shall, as our innancial relations are grown more complex, and I wish at least to relieve myself of this unwonted burden of booksellers accounts and long delays, by sharing them. I have had one or their estimates by me a year, waiting to send. Farewell.

AN ECCENTRIC BISHOP.

Prom Colonel Ramsay's Recollections.

Our good oid bishop. Daniel Wilson, died this morning. He was a most eccentric oid man, and countless were the stories of him. I will mention a few from my personal experience. In a sermon at the Calculta Cathedral, after a hubburb a loat some indiscretion attributed to an officer of rank, the bishop after a powerful discourse wound up by saying: "But my bretaren, there are sinners everywhere. There are sinners even among these dear little children (pointing to the Sunday-school children right and let of him, and there are a vast number of old sinners in front of me," waving his hands over the heads of the Governor-General and staff, members of Council, heads of departments. From Colonel Ramsay's Recollections, hands over the heads of the Governor-General and staff, members of Conneil, heads of departments, etc. One moraing I breakfasted with him. As usual at rainily prayers, which he invariably conducted nimself, he prayed by name for the people staying with him. There was a gentleman from Madras for whom he prayed, and then he said, "let us pray for his dear wife, and dear children." A thought struck him, he paused, and he said to his chaplain. "By the bye, is he a married man?" No, my lord, he is not married." "Ah, well, never mind," he resumed. "He may marry, and the children may come."

On another occasion it was related that he was preaching against the sin of avarice, when he delivered nimself of the following remarks: "My brethren, there are several forms of avarice; one form has recently been trought home to me most

form has recently been rought home to me most unpreasantly. You all know my archdeacon there, a most excellent man; well, hast week he sold me a horse for five hundred rapees—he is not worth ten. Thus, my brethren, I consider a most unpleasant form of avarice.

LINDSAY, M. P., AND THE SHIPOWNER. From Colonel Ramsey's Recollections.

I succeeded in shipping myself as a cabin-boy on board an East India ship. In ten years I rose to the command of a ship; but during that time I had been terribly knocked about. I received two or three sabre wounds, and had my leg broken. On three sabre wounds, and had my leg broken. On the latter occasion I came home as midshipman. when the ship was in the docks, the owner, a very weatthy man, came down to see it, and noticed me lying in my berth with a broken leg. He took me up in his own carriage to Sir Astiey Cooper, brought me back again, and gave me a live-pound note, telling me to remain in london until another of his ships came in, as the one I was serving in was going out at once.

For twenty-live years I never saw this man again, when aship of his was consigned to me

me that no ship should be delivered up to the owners until all the dock and custom dues and fines were paid. In this case such had not been done consequently the ship, with a very valuable cargo of sugar, worth about £40,000, was detained. Upon this the owner wrote a note to med asking for a private interview, which I at once granted. On his entering the room I recognised him immediately as my quondam benefactor. He had, however, lost all recollection of ms. He said, and weathly West Indian merchant; but owing to the terrible depression in the West India trade, I am absolutely at present unable to raise two thousand bounds to pay the various charges. If I cannot realize this valuable cargo within a certain time, I must become bankrupt." I replied briefly, that I was very sorry; but that the rules laid down must be adhered to, and the money paid before the ship was delivered to him. The old man was dreadfully datressed at this, and sat with his head in his hands, foreseeing nothing but rum, after a pause, I resumed, "Although I cannot water the rule in your favor, I can lend you two thousand pounds privately, and you can repay me at your convenience." At this unexpected piece of good fertune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, "One good fortune the old man was quite overcome and expressed his warm thanks. I replied, but the broken leg, to whom he had been so kind. The poor old man burst into tears. He got his valuable cargo released, and ev

REMINISCENCES OF THE BRONTESS

"JANE EYRE" IN A NEW LIGHT.

Although I have visited flaworth since the demolition of the eight and the erection of the new church there, and did so without cherishing any foregond prejudices concerning that "act or vandalism," as some were pleased to call the pulling down of the old sacred editice, I must coniess that it no longer possesses the charm that it did when the quant old village was to be seen as in the days of the Brontes. The visit to Haworth of which I have now to speak, however, took place before Mr. Wade's system of "stamping out" the Bronte infactuation had fairly started. It was made at the request of an antiquarian friend of mine, who was gathering materials for a work on Haworth which he was then writing, the chief object of his visit being to have an interview with Martha Brown, the hatthful servant of the Brontes for many years, on matters associated with the history of that remarkable family.

Martina was but ten years old when she went to live at the parsonnage. She was a native of Haworth, and her parents lived close against the church. Mrs. Gaskell has bold us how she came to be one of the Bronte household. Old Tabby, the servant, had grown too old and feeble to be of much use,—a help-girl was needed, and Martha Brown was the chosen one. But a piece of dipiomacy was necessary on the part of Charlotte (who was then a sort of mother to the family) before Martha is duties could become clearly defined,—ion it was with jealous reluctance that old Tabby, notwithstanding her age and infimities, could be induced to relinquish any of the household duties in she claimed as exclusively her own. Feeling the potatoes for dinner was one of such dries, but from her partial bindness, she was unable to see and to cut out the black specks known as the "eyes" of the potatoe. "Miss Bronte was too dainty a housekeeper to put up with this, yet she could not bear to nurt the faithful old servant by bidding the younger sistence without Tabby sheing aware, and breaking off in the full flow of interest and inspiration in her writing ("Jane

Mr. Bronte, it would seem, was very indignant at

unless they forsook her she would never forsake them.

Mr. Bronte, it would seem, was very indignant at what had been said in certain quarters respecting "Wuthering Heights" having been the joint production of Emily and Banwell Broute. He manntaind that Brauweil had had no part or share whatever in the book. Indeed, the very fact of Emily being engaged upon such a work had purposely been kept from him as a protoned secret.

Equally indignant was Martha Brown at the hard things that had been said about old Mr. Bronte by Mrs. Gaskell and others. "A kinder man could not be, although he was sometimes queer and reserved before strangers." As to his disensarying pistols into the air in order to let off his tempers, there was not the slightest truth in that, "Mr. Bronte always was fond of firearms," she said. "He had acquired the tondness from his having been a volonfeer while at college." She never saw him discharge one in a bassion.

It was Martha Brown's loving duty to wait upon her mistiess during her filmess. Very touching was her natralive of the last moments of the brave and patient sufferer. Even when utterly prostrated by weakne-s and pans, her thoughts were more occupied with anxiety for the old man, who was so soon to be left desolate, than by her own intends sufferire, trying to look comforted, while the poor patient would fall back upon her pillow almost exhibit the seath in 1861, and was one of the sorrowing mourners who followed him to his grave.

Miss Brown had treasanced up some valuable and interesting mementoes of the Bronte family, several of which had been given to her by Mr. Bronte. It afforded her apparently as much pleasure to exhibit these as it did us to look them over. Among the more interesting of these renew as an old portion which had been given to her by Mr. Bronte. It afforded her apparently as much pleasure to exhibit these as it did us to look them over. Among the more interesting of these renew and interested her would an experience of the serior from the great literatis with whom Mi

martins, as may be readily imagined, had had any opportunities of parting with her treasure had she been wishful to do so. She had the good sense, however, not to part with them indiscrimi-nately. The curious may be interested to know that since her death they have been apportioned amongst her surviving relatives.

Georges."

Martha, as may be readily imagined, had he

For twenty-nive years I never saw this man again, when a ship of his was consigned to me from the West Indies. It was a standing rule with 27. They numbered eight hundred.